

Cadrena, what do you want?

Cadrena, what do you want?

Well, I know what I do not want, but that is not the question
So genuinely listen as I take a moment to share my reflection.

I want to free all of my Suns
So that they can rise and shine their light on the fallen Moabite
I want my sis-stars to know that the moon governs the womb
So that they can be in harmony with nature
And honor the Creator

I want the Asiatic African woman to know
That she was the first to walk Midgard earth and gave birth to all that you see
So that we no longer have to say "I want to be free!"

Cadrena, what do you want?

I want we the people to know that the "Universe is mental"
So that we no longer have to be under continental trademark
Living in the dark, but acting as though we are alive

I want we to the people to know that "as above, so below"
In order to no longer trade our intellectual property
Or contribute to the Puppet Masters' show

I want we the people to form a more perfect union in harmony with the laws of
nature
So that the rebellion can radiate the 5 principles of love, truth, peace, freedom,
justice-And restore our nomenclature

I want we the people to know that we are already home
To align our one nation while simultaneously disconnecting from Rome

I want we the people to reset and be confident in the victory
As we dismantle the Corporation and reject its shameful history

I want we the people to honor our ancient mothers and fathers
And when in doubt to look up at the stars, and always remember who we are

I want we the people to listen to the "Mystery of Iniquity" by Ms. Lauryn Hill
So that we can analyze her words that strongly reveal

Cadrena, what do you want?

I want to no longer speak in metaphors to share these truths that remain self-evident that all humans are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights

In order to prevent the masses from hitting the streets to march, protest, riot, and fight

I want my bloodline to know their status
So that they do not give into the 14th Amendment apparatus

I want the Asiatic African Man to see me as beautiful and not strong
So that he can protect, love, respect, nurture, and rescue me
Out of foreign captivity

I want my children, King, and tribe to know
That as long as the Sun rises, so shall we
And no matter their propaganda, be all that we are chosen to be

Again, I ask, **Cadrena what do you want?**
For this poem to end
To leave these pages, manifest, and transcend.

Written by:

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